

A ROSE OF NORMANDY

WILLIAM R. A. WILSON

CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

Just then the sound of the crowd interrupted Toni's reply. From the convent of the Ursulines, where they had passed the night, issued the procession of 30 girls with Madame Bourdon at their head, who had come over in the "Saint Honoré" with La Salle and Toni. Two by two they marched with clasped hands. The sisters ceased suddenly their clamor, and quickly formed a lane, down which the maidens passed, watching with furtive glances the faces of their future husbands. These in turn strove to make their choice at a glance, and some, leaning toward the moving damsels, whispered: "Wait for me, Jean Bedu. I have three rooms in my house, and 20 arpents of land all cleared." Or, "Take none but me; I am your Pierre, and live but one and a half leagues from Quebec. You will be safe from the Indians with me." Or again, "Delay your choice, ma petite, for me, the tallest, strongest of them all. I can drink a pint of raw brandy and never show it, or throw a half-grown buck with ease, and can get more furs in a month than the rest in a season. You will make no mistake, I am a bon garçon."

Toni and his companion were in an excellent position to enjoy the scene. "Here they come, the future mothers of New France," were the mocking words he heard. "Take care lest M. le Comte does not lose you in the sea of matrimony."

"No fear," replied Toni. "You see I have no chance; there are but 20 wives to be, while there are four times as many wooers. Besides, we are farther off than they; all the best maidens would be taken before I could reach them."

"True," murmured Madame Bizard, "you would deserve only the best." Then in a lower tone she added, as she gently touched his hand hanging at his side, "We can probably find one to your taste and more to your deserts in Quebec itself."

The contact of the warm hand that lingered against his own thrilled the young man, and he was about to turn to his companion when his other sleeve was plucked, and a voice muttered in his ear, "Beware!" and looking over his shoulder he beheld the form of Pompon, who looked at him earnestly, and then, with a significant glance at the young woman beside him, disappeared in the crowd.

Toni recalled with a start all that Pompon had told him at daybreak, and realized that the enemy was at work and that he had his part to play in the game, too, so with an admiring glance he whispered: "I fear all such are taken."

A square space was marked out upon the surface of the place by a succession of hewn logs, laid end to end. Within this inclosure only the prospective wives and eager swains were admitted. Then ensued a scene of merriment and interest for the on-lookers. One ill-favored suitor, selecting from choice the least attractive of the young women, partly because he knew he would have little chance among the fairer ones, partly because he felt there would be less trouble with her from other men after marriage, hurried off toward the church of the Recollets, within which a number of priests were awaiting the happy couples, while a notary sat at the door ready to do a thriving business. One comely desirable lass, whose comely features were accompanied by a physique indicating great endurance and strength of muscle, was instantly besieged by so great a multitude of admirers that she fled to Madame Bourdon, who restored order amongst them and made the wooers advance one at a time and each give his name, residence and amount of worldly possessions.

"There they are," remarked Madame Bizard in a half-contemptuous tone, "a fine collection of healthy cattle. Walk up, Messieurs! Varieties for all tastes! the tall, the short, the dark, the light, the fat, the thin. Poke them in the ribs, examine their teeth, and then when you have made your selection, take your property home with you." Then after a moment's silence, "There can be no question of a difference in their dots, as his gracious majesty has endowed each alike."

"Mon Dieu! they bring wealth to their husbands!" queried Toni. "Certainly! Fifty lives in household supplies and two barrels of salted meat," was the laughing rejoinder.

"Ma foi! a liberal dowry." "But you forget the princely gift he gives the new husbands for surrendering their liberty: an ox, a pair of swine, a pair of fowls, some salt meat, and—eleven crowns in money!" and again the merry laugh rang in Toni's ear with a sweetness that had not been on his guard, he would have believed to be sincerely genuine.

Soon all the girls were mated and had disappeared through the church doors. The remaining wooers took their discomfited philosophically, and, departing in twos and threes, repaired to the nearest tavern, where they sought to drown their disappointment and drink to better luck next year.

"Ma foi! yes," was the frank answer. "To-morrow begins the work. I have set out to do it hasten toward it!" "And is there nothing in a man's life beside his work?" came in pettish tones from the depths of the hood beside him.

"Ah, yes, Cleot!" he replied, with a spark of mischief in his eye. "There is honor, and one other—love."

The feminine figure gave a little start at this, and, drawing nearer, waited for him to continue.

"Yes, a man's love comes next to his honor. I shall therefore have feelings of regret as well as leaving civilization and friends behind, and shall begrudge each westward step that takes me further from the desire of my heart, the idol of my dreams," and unnoticed by his friend, he looked in the direction of the ocean and blew a kiss toward France, that the wind caught up and carried off far into the night.

Pompon, still incognito, was here and there and everywhere, saying little and hearing much. Through his activity it was learned that the priest who

offered to accompany the expedition was disgusted to do so by Laval. His offer was refused, and the services of the Recollet friar, Father Louis Hennepin, who had come all the way from Fort Frontenac to meet La Salle, was chosen. The latter had brought a letter from his provincial, Father Le Fevre, containing permission to join the expedition. To prepare himself, the worthy friar went into retreat at the Recollet convent, remaining for several days in prayer and meditation. Finally, after dining at the Chateau with Frontenac, La Salle and Toni, and after a farewell vigil, he received the blessing of Laval and departed at daybreak. His friends watched his figure with its sandaled feet, coarse gray capote, and peaked hood, the cord of St. Francis hanging at his side, glide away in his birch canoe, paddled by two men, en route for Fort Frontenac, where they were to await the arrival of the others. Within a week La Motte and most of the men followed, with 12 well-laden canoes.

The bulk of the work of preparation being thus over, Toni had ample time to renew his acquaintance with Madame Bizard. She had made one effort toward influencing him against La Salle, but had been so coldly repulsed that she began to doubt her ability to bias him directly against his friend and leader. The difficulty of the task, however, only added zest to her endeavors, so that she redoubled her attempts. They met daily, seemingly by chance, often taking long walks together up the hill beyond the windmill, or to the other extremity of the town under pretext of viewing the cathedral, the seminary, Hotel Dieu, or the palace of the intendant. On these strolls she piled her coquettish arts in vain. Toni parried each thrust with as much skill as though it had been a combat with swords instead of a duel of intrigue.

Madame Bizard had long tired of the humdrum life of the town and the practical straightforwardness of her matter-of-fact husband, who, taken up with the monotonous duties of his calling, had but little time or taste for the frivolities of the social world, such as it was. He had every confidence, however, in his mate, giving her full liberty, believing that in time she would settle down to the serious obligations appertaining to the wife of a soldier at a frontier post.

The easy grace of the high-spirited gallant who had so suddenly appeared in her life, flattering her vanity, with its mingled audacious banter and deferring humility, casting over all the glamour of the grand monde, finally won her silly little heart. It was with genuine alarm and dread, therefore, that she viewed the growing preparations that were to end in their separation, and she increased her efforts at fascination now that she had what she believed to be her own passion for the man to urge her on as well as the commands of the intendant. She met with ill success despite her endeavors, and daily and hourly chafed at the thought of his obduracy or cried her pretty eyes red 'o' nights with vexation at her failure and the thought of losing him.

Frontenac was in high feather as the result of La Salle's success in gaining over some of the fur-traders into forming an association and advancing money. He entertained them all right royally for several nights, and then resolved to give a ball in honor of his friends the evening before their departure, partly to maintain his dignity as governor and give his mimic court a taste of the gaiety of Versailles, and partly to show his defiance to his enemies.

Enemies and friends alike were invited, for few of the former would dare absent themselves, although the magnificence of the occasion would afford a means of Frontenac's triumph over them, winning still further the favor of the people who dearly loved to behold any manifestations of royalty and grandeur.

The space in front of the chateau was brilliantly lighted by a large bonfire, kept burning by a group of servants, who heaped on large quantities of brushwood. At the entrance two huge torches of pine knots flamed above the heads of a dozen soldiers drawn up in a line before the door. Within, all was light and merriment.

Frontenac walked among his guests with a smiling countenance and fine presence. His humor was jovial, and he showed no signs of irritation. He heard with inward satisfaction the exclamations of pleasure from the women, and saw with secret delight the glances of disgust and ill-concealed chagrin on the part of Duchesneau and his coterie.

La Salle for the last time was the same court dandy as when Toni saw him first. Toni himself bowed and smiled to everyone, and was a universal favorite. He danced several times with Madame Bizard, and noticed that she seemed preoccupied and sad. After losing sight of her for an hour he found her again. This time she seemed to be laboring under some secret excitement. She complained of weariness, and suggested that instead of dancing they walk up and down the balcony that ran past one side of the room. Toni assented, and, after throwing a wrap about his companion's shoulders, passed with her through one of the open windows. The first turn was made in silence. Then as they stopped a moment and looked out over the Lower Town at their feet, the woman spoke low and indistinctly: "And so you are going to leave to-morrow. Are you glad?"

"Ma foi! yes," was the frank answer. "To-morrow begins the work. I have set out to do it hasten toward it!" "And is there nothing in a man's life beside his work?" came in pettish tones from the depths of the hood beside him.

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"You know, then, what it is to love?" came to his ear in soft, caressing tones. "To love, ah! that it is to live," pursued Toni, as he dreamily watched a spark rise from a chimney, mount high upon the wings of the breeze, and then die slowly out. "Yes, it is the wine of life, that gives one strength and purpose; the bread of the heart's existence. What other food is there that does not moulder and decay? The very air, the only air upon which the soul can subsist, for are not all else but noxious vapors and unwholesome fumes?"

The woman's blood surged to her temples and blinded her eyes in a red-dening flash; she reeled unsteadily a moment; her breath came in unconscious, noiseless gasps. The end she had labored for in vain seemed suddenly to burst in sight; she had but to reach forth and grasp it. One desperate effort and it would be hers.

"Ah! Henri, my love," she murmured, as she nestled closer with her head upon his breast, "why did you not tell me sooner! I could have arranged it all. But it is not too late." Then turning up her face, she spoke rapidly and with impetuous earnestness. "Come, give up your plans for the morrow; leave the danger and exposure and the glory if you will for others; let them be lost in the wilderness, but do you remain, for I love you, love you, love you! Flee with me to-night. I have a canoe and well-paid servants awaiting us. An hour's time will see us half-way to Beauport. Near by is a seignior held by a friend of the intendant's. I have done much for Duchesneau. He will do much for me. I have a letter from him here"—she tapped her bosom—"that will gain for us the protection needed. We can stay at this seignior until La Salle has started and the storm is over. The intendant will give us a large grant of land—he will help us—I have saved some little money. Come, mon cher, with me; there is still time," and at the end of this passionate outburst she seized Toni by one hand and with the other caressed his cheek.

The young man heard the woman's voice, but comprehended not at first the meaning of her speech. His first

words, uttered as they were in a moment of mischievous gallantry, had brought to his mind the truth that he was about to take a plunge that would separate him from all that would recall Renee and her surroundings to him. Here at Quebec the familiar accents of her mother tongue, the sight of her countrymen, and all that pertained to civilization, had served to lessen to his mind the actual sense of great geographical dissociation. But from the morrow on, savage sights and sounds and the unaccustomed environment of primeval nature would emphasize to him his loneliness and separation. His glance fell upon a star burning brighter than its fellows, and he recognized in it an old friend, one that had kept him company through many a solitary vigil, one that had presaged victory for him before more than one battlefield, one that he realized was looking down even then from French skies and was guarding his heart's treasure, wherever in that broad land she might be.

The words that fell upon his ear met with a stumbling comprehension, but the touch aroused him. The contact of the fevered hand seemed to burn him, seemed a profanation of the thoughts of the reverie he had fallen into.

He was awakened in an instant; the full meaning of the woman's accents flashed over him. He realized that in the playing of his part he had gone too far. He started back a step.

"Mon Dieu! flee with you?" he exclaimed in astonishment. "Certainty; now, at once. Ah! Mon Henri, do not keep me waiting—" "But your husband—" he ejaculated. "Bah! that fool, dunce, booby!" she cried in contempt, as she stamped her foot angrily. "He can console himself out of the next shipload of girls. That is the sort of wife that would suit him best, the blockhead. Why should we care for him? We love—"

Toni seized her roughly by the shoulder and gazed into her face, illuminated by a ray of light from the window. The woman's lack of principle appealed less to his anger than did the realization of the fateful consequences to himself had the vile plot succeeded, the full details of which from the day he arrived to the present moment flashed clear and distinct through his mind.

"Woman," he cried in a hoarse, strident tone, as he sought vainly to control himself, "did I not say that there was one thing stronger of all in a man's life—honor? Stronger than love itself, true love I mean, not the polluted thing you so falsely offer me? Did you think I would be false to my comrade or my love? (Dieu me pardonne for speaking her name in the presence of such as you.) Did you suppose I was blind to your miserable conspiracy to trap me, you and your master Duchesneau? Per Dieu! were you but a man! I would know how to revenge this insult to my honor and to my intelligence!"

The woman stared at him for a moment, petrified by astonishment, trembling with mortification, rage, and despair in quick succession. A shadow fell across her face; it was that of Toni disappearing through the window. She was alone.

"To Be Continued."

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PAIR OF WARM TIGHTS.

This a Very Nice Present to a Child and Does Not Soon Wear Out.

This useful little garment may be worked in almost any kind of wool, but Andalusian or three-ply vest wool, and of which about three ounces and a No. 8 bone hook will be needed.

Work a chain of eight inches, turn and work a double crochet in each stitch, turn with one chain.

Second row: A double crochet in the back thread of each stitch, turn with one chain, and work back again (back thread only to be used throughout), turn with one chain.

Third row: A double crochet in each stitch of previous row, then work three chain, turn and pass the nearest, a double crochet in each of the other two, and finish the row as before.

Fourth row: A double crochet in each double crochet of previous row, and one into the turning chain, three chain, turn, and work back as before.

Fifth to eleventh rows: Same as last. (Another row or two may be

added here should a longer leg be required.)

Twelfth to twenty-fourth rows: Same length as 11.

Twenty-fifth row: Decrease by leaving the last two stitches unworked and passing over the last made double crochet when turning, instead of making a chain, thus decreasing three stitches. Continue decreasing each row until the row is of the same length as the first one. Work another row same as last, and repeat from row 2. Join the last row to the foundation chain with single crochet, place the sides of the legs together, and join with single crochet.

Commence from the seam and work one double crochet with one chain between into each rib (or row) round the ankle.

Second row: One double crochet into each stitch all round.

Third row: One double crochet in each stitch half way round, 11 chafin, turn and work a double crochet in each chain, and then work round the other half the leg like the first; work a double crochet in each stitch (back thread) all round for ten times, passing over one stitch at heel and toe in each of the last two rows; join on wrong side with single crochet.

Tie round the ankle with chain and tassels of the wool.

For the Top:—A double treble with one chain between in each row all round; a single crochet through both threads of each stitch all round; thread the double trebles with a chain of wool and tie at one side.

A New Game of Authors.

This is a new version of the old game of authors, and will delight those who are well acquainted with books. All the questions must be answered by the name of an author.

1. A kind of linen.—Holland.

2. A name that means such fiery things, one can't describe its pains and stings.—Burns.

3. Kind of a bonnet.—Hood.

4. A high church official.—Pope.

5. Part of a hospital.—Ward.

6. What a host said when the meat was tough.—Chaucer.

7. Something hard to bear.—Payne.

8. A kind of bread and a preposition.—Ruskin.

9. An artisan.—Elther Goldsmith or Cooper.

10. What Oliver Twist called for.—Moore.

11. A breakfast dish.—Bacon.

12. A domestic animal and a contented noise.—Cowper.

13. A dress lining.—Wiggin.

14. An obstruction to navigation.—Barr.

15. Something on a foot.—Burnyan.

16. A blossom.—Hawthorne.

17. A game and a preposition.—Tennyson.

18. An adjective.—Grand.

19. A fraction of currency and a heavy weight.—Milton.

20. Badly wounded.—Alcott.

21. What the fox dreads.—Hunt.

22. That which is more than a sandy shore.—Shelley.

23. The name of a river.—Poe.

24. The way we will look after this mental strain.—Haggard.

The prize for this contest should be a framed photograph of some author. Candy boxes may be had to represent books, and could be used as favors.

Well Groomed.

Remember that to be well-dressed or well-groomed or even considered a careful person in your toilette, you must to-day present to the world a shiny, well-brushed, well-kept head of hair. There must be no sag over the ears, there must be no stray ends and flying locks. There must be nothing of the blow-away coiffure which was popular five years ago. The hair must be close to the head, and if it is not naturally neat, it must be made so by invisible net and invisible pins.

Tucks Fashionable.

A noticeable feature of the winter's skirts is the prevalence of the tuck. Most of the circular skirts are fitted with tiny tucks at the top, and some styles have tucks at the bottom, running around. Sometimes the tucks are wide, and again they are not more than half an inch deep. In some skirts they are grouped close at the foot, and in others they are wide apart, one at the hem, another at about knee length, with a third between.

KEEP YOUTH AND BEAUTY.

Relaxation Urged on the Weary and the Lazy Equally Urged to Go Out and Walk.

Is not your youth, your beauty (and this means your health) worth keeping?

Can you with complaisance look forward to being faded, haggard or peevish and ailing at 30 or 35?

Will you not be frank with yourself—now before it is too late—and so plan your life that a rest period may be yours each day? Take a time to call your own, when, closeted in your own pretty boudoir and clad in a loose, warm dressing gown, you may fling up your windows, indulge in a dozen deep restful breaths, lifting the chest and head high, and then after taking a few gentle trunk turnings to right and left—bending and twisting in all directions to keep the waist line supple and the figure youthful—fling the arms up over the head and make great sweeping circles with them to help the circulation at important nerve centers.

After indulging in a few deep knee bendings and half a dozen more deep breaths as a finish, throw yourself on your couch—relaxing every muscle and driving all thoughts and worries from your brain—simply rest mind and body. You may even sleep, if you will, for 20 minutes to an hour.

This relaxed rest will do you more good than two hours' sleep taken under different circumstances, declares Mme Hebe, in the Chicago Inter Ocean.

But see to it that your window is open a little both top and bottom during your rest and that you have a light warm covering thrown over you, as you must avoid chill after exercise and during the rest period.

Again, you who are sick, do not always order your carriage when you have but six or seven blocks to go, for a brisk walk in the open air will help keep you young and is often actually necessary to your health.

I believe it to be a fact that the so-called rich often fall into dangerously lazy habits through the conveniences and luxuries that their wealth surrounds them with.

And so to the girl who is forced to walk from six to ten blocks daily. I say, be thankful, and do not waste your time in envying your wealthy neighbor. Fate decrees that you must take this life-giving, health-retaining exercise each day.

When fatigued after a "trying" day or tired out from social duties, throw yourself upon a bed or couch and remain in the first position for five full minutes without removing hand or foot. The body is suddenly relaxed and a sense of complete rest takes the place of the strain that results from being too long upon the feet.

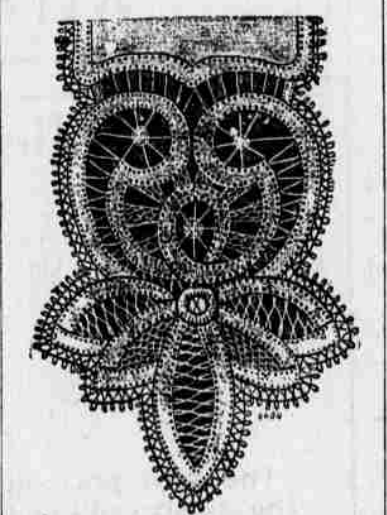
Perfect repose may be gained by lying on the flat of the back for half an hour at a time, with hands outstretched. Let the head rest upon a pillow that is not too high. If you cannot sleep, close your eyes and put body and mind in a quiescent state. For an afternoon siesta treatment of this sort is a good restorer of over-worked nerves.

TIE END; POINT LACE.

Pattern Suitable for a Narrow Tie of Silk or Muslin and May Be Otherwise Used.

This is a pretty finish to a narrow tie of hem-stitched silk or muslin. The design may also be used as an applique for trimming dresses, blouses, etc.

Materials required for a pair of



A LOVELY DESIGN

ends: Two yards braid, one skein of thread, one yard purle edge.

The stitches are not difficult, the work can easily be accomplished by one at all skilled in this kind of needlework.

A Charity Luncheon.

Charity luncheons are very popular just now. If a church society, club or charity organization gives a luncheon, it is quite the thing for a lady to ask a few friends to be her guests, sending word in advance to the chairman of the affair to reserve the place or a table. Society people are doing this, and sometimes the tables are reserved for the hour appointed. This insures a financial as well as a social success. There never was a time when there was so much need for charity work, especially for women and children. The rolls, cakes, salads and meats are generally home cooked at these affairs, so if there is a surplus the things are sold, a supply of paper bags being kept in which the articles may be carried.—Madame Merri.

Boric Acid.

Every housekeeper should have on hand a supply of boric acid, which is a very useful antiseptic. For burns it is usually excellent. Drop two ounces of the boric crystals in a glass quart jar and fill with water. This makes a saturated solution. Take a piece of gauze or cheesecloth and saturate with the solution and lay on the burn. Apply very moist, covering with absorbent cotton and then with piled silk. This will keep moist for 12 hours, for the oiled silk will prevent evaporation. If you haven't the boric acid use a solution of bicarbonate of soda, which is nearly as good.

Home Health Club

By DAVID H. REEDER, Ph.D., M.D.

I think I will comply with the requests which I have been receiving, and tell you how to make extracts, infusions, etc., because I have told you of so many formulas in which a knowledge of these things is essential. I will first tell you how to make essences.

A solution of an essential or aromatic oil in pure alcohol is called an essence, or a spirit of that subject. Sassafras, dill, fennel, wintergreen, rosemary, peppermint, and many other agents may be obtained in the form of essence. In colloidal diffusive essences may be given to great advantage—a few drops on sugar or in hot water. One ounce of oil in nine ounces of alcohol is about the proportion which will constitute the average essence. In making pills it is customary to add to the mass some essence of peppermint to disguise the taste and prevent griping. You will remember that I told you some time ago that the essence of peppermint was one of the best agents to be had for expelling flatulency, or wind, from the bowels; and because of its beneficial action it is a most practical addition when compounding pills. You should be careful not to confound an essence with a tincture. In making the essence of wintergreen, only about one-half the amount of alcohol is used as in making other essences.

Fluid and Solid Extracts.

Extracts are a very convenient method of preparing remedial agents. Fluid extracts are made by macerating the crude drugs in water and alcohol, containing a small quantity of glycerin, and then evaporating to a degree that will cause one pound of the fluid extract to represent one pound of the crude drug in medicinal strength. Nearly all vegetable remedies may be obtained in the fluid extract form, and when they are manufactured by first-class drug firms they may be depended upon. The majority of fluid extracts become cloudy and a sediment will be found in the bottom of the bottle when water has been added. The solid extract of remedies is obtained by long steeping the crude drugs in hot water or alcohol or cold water, and then evaporating in porcelain dishes until only a solid remains. The principal use of solid extracts is in making pills.

Infusions.

One of the simplest and most effective methods of administering the herb remedies consists in extracting their virtues by warm or hot water. These are called infusions, or hot water extracts. Coarsely ground articles are best for infusions on account of the fact that they may be readily strained; although the pulverized drugs may be used if desired. In fact, in the preparation of some infusions the remedial qualities are much more readily extracted if the drug is thoroughly pulverized. This is especially true of ginger. As a rule one ounce of the drug is the proper amount to be used for making an infusion with one pint of boiling water; and after preparing, the infusion is better if allowed to steep for 20 minutes, or even longer.

Bitter herbs do not require so large a quantity to the pint, and in making an infusion of capsicum only a few grains are required. One-half drachm, which is equivalent to about half a teaspoonful, would be ample for a pint of boiling water, when preparing an infusion of capsicum, or red pepper.

The aromatic drugs, and those containing tannin, or volatile oils, are injured by pouring boiling water upon them; they should therefore be treated with very warm water instead, and be allowed to steep for half an hour or longer. Among the more prominent herbs that would come under this heading, may be mentioned bayberry, catnip, wild cherry, peach leaves, black cohosh, witch hazel, elecampane, etc.

Tinctures.

There are two forms or methods of preparing tinctures. The most commonly used is that which is extracted by the alcoholic method. When this kind is used internally, it should be first put in hot water in order to expel the alcohol which was necessary to extract the medicinal principle. For many purposes tinctures are very convenient, especially for outward applications. They are prepared by soaking six ounces of the ground drugs in a pint each of water and alcohol for ten days, and then filtering. Glycerin tinctures without alcohol may be prepared by macerating the drugs in one part of glycerin and four parts of water. The glycerin tinctures are not so effective for external use as are the alcoholic tinctures.

CLUB NOTES.

"Pass It On." It is proven by many letters which have come to me, giving remedies for frost-bitten feet, or chilblains, that there are many who have suffered and many who have been cured, and still further, that the Home Health Club is, after a number of years' steady and persistent work, beginning to arouse a desire in its followers to share in this great work of helping one another and practicing our motto of "Pass It On." Whenever you know of something that has helped you, pass it on. You will set in motion an influence for good which may reach into eternity. No human being can rightly predict where this good work will lead to, nor its end, but our hopes and prayers are that it may never cease, but continue to bind us more closely together for the good of all.

If C. J. Swanson and "Nebraska" will write again, giving their name and address in full, I will be glad to answer their letters.

Illinois.—Dr. David H. Reeder, Laporte, Ind.—Dear Sir: About two months ago I wrote to you about my boy holding his breath when he cries, and you advised me to dash cold water on his abdomen. I thank you very much for your advice, for it gives instant relief as soon as the water strikes him, and he is not as bad about holding his breath. Respectfully, with best wishes, from J. S.

This simple method has been used at my suggestion in many cases of children holding the breath when an-

ery, and I have never known it to fail. Continue the treatment until the cure is complete.

Iowa.—Dr. David H. Reeder, Laporte, Ind.—Dear Doctor: Having read many of your Club Notes in this paper, I wish to consult with you in regard to my daughter's health. She is greatly annoyed by an itching of the scalp. Several times within two years I have consulted our family physician. He says he can see nothing to prescribe for, and sometimes says he thinks she will outgrow it, and again gives her some simple remedy, which avails nothing. This fall she is worse than ever and is almost constantly scratching her head. She is 15 years old, weighs 105 pounds, and is a fine, healthy-looking girl.</